

Thomas The Tank Engine and Friends Season 6 Transcript

Salty's Secret

All the engines on the Island of Sodor love their work, but sometimes there is too much work.

That's when The Fat Controller brings new engines to the island

Salty the Dockyard Diesel is one of these engines. He loves to tell tales of the sea.

"We heaved until the old freighter finally caught the tide. Ah, it's good to be useful."

Salty is excited about coming to the Island of Sodor. Islands are surrounded by the sea. Salty loves the sea. Soon Salty arrived at his new job.

"Ahoy maties, Salty pride in our seven seas. I'm a new diesel and I'm here to give you some air."

Bill and Ben didn't think they needed any help, especially from a diesel. "Welcome to centre Island Quarry." Mavis said proudly. Salty looked all around. Everywhere he looked. He saw nothing but rocks.

"A quarry," he cried. "There must be some mistake. Oh, I'm a Dockyard Diesel."

"You're a quarry diesel now," said Mavis, and she explained that they had to complete an important job for The Fat Controller. Salty was sad that he wouldn't be working by the sea, but he knew what it meant to be a really useful engine. And he set to work at once.

"Ah well, At least there be trucks."

"You better mine them." Mavis said "They can be a bother." "He won't last five minutes," said Bill. Those trucks will trip him up soon enough, said Ben. But to Bill and Ben's surprise, the trucks seem to give Salty no trouble at all. "... yawns,"

"Yo ho ho and a bucket of prawns, The tiller spins,"

sang Salty, "And the Captain yawns!" sang the Trucks.

Thanks to Salty, The Fat Controller's important job was almost done. Bill and Ben was surprised and a little jealous. "Here comes Mr. Show off" groused Ben. "You have to admit he's got a knack with those trucks." said Mavis "Driver says he'll bore the bolts off us with his stories." huffed Bill. But Salty didn't say a word. He didn't come near the shed.

Mavis was worried. She rolled alongside and asked him what he was doing on his own.

"Oh I thought I might catch a bit of sea breeze." "You really do miss the sea. Don't you?" Asked Mavis "I," said Salty. "I do." but Salty knew the quarry work was important. The next day he tried to show Bill and Ben his secret with the trucks "I like working to a musical rhythm." He said,

"and so do the trucks. Why don't you give it a try me hearites?"

"Here we go. Here we go. Here we go." "No we don't, No we don't, No we don't, don't, don't." But try as they might. Bill and Ben could not move the trucks the way Salty could. Later that day The Fat Controller came to the quarry. He was surprised to see the job had been completed.

"Well done."

said The Fat Controller. "It was Salty," said Mavis. "We couldn't have done it without him."

"Then I will go to a bigger job for you salty." "Aye Aye sir, what kind of a quarry is it?" "Quarry?"

said The Fat Controller. "I'm sending you to Brendam Docks." "The docks!?" Salty exclaimed,

"The Docks are hard by the sea Oh, thank you sir." He said. "This reminds me of a time in Bimini." and Salty was telling stories again. Salty loves Brendam docks. He gets more work done than any three engines and feels really useful. and only the trucks know his secret.

Harvey to the Rescue

The engines on The Fat Controller's railway love Brendam Docks. There's always lots of work to keep them busy, and they enjoy seeing new arrivals onto the Island of Sodor. An exciting new arrival was an engine Cranky the Crane was unloading. It was heavy. "This makes my chain ache." growned Cranky.

"This is Harvey the Crane engine."

The Fat Controller said proudly, The other engines thought Harvey looks strange. Harvey was happy to be on the ground he didn't like dangling from from Cranky's arm at all.

"These gentlemen are The Railway Board,"

The Fat Controller said

"Tomorrow, Harvey will give them a demonstration. If it goes well. He will join the railway.

"What's a dimostation?" "Demonstration," said Thomas "It's when you show off what you can do.""Like when Thomas and I had a race," said Bertie. "Vroom, Vroom."

That evening. Thomas had just returned from a hard day's work. He saw Harvey parked near the sheds. Harvey could hear the other engines talking about him. This made him sad.

"Harvey's different." said Henry. "He doesn't even look like an engine." said Edward. "Surely The Fat Controller won't let him pull coaches." sniffed Gordon,

"He's just Cranky on wheels."

said James. "He's not taking my mail," said Percy.

Thomas felt sorry for Harvey. "Don't worry, sometimes it takes time to make new friends." But Harvey wasn't sure he wanted to stay where no one wanted him.

The next morning The Fat Controller sent the engines off to a useful day's work. "Maybe my coming here wasn't such a good idea sir." Harvey chuffed sadly,

"Nonsense." said The Fat Controller. "But the engines don't like me on too different."

"Different is what makes you special."

And that made Harvey feel better. Out on the branch line. Percy was having trouble with trucks.

"Faster we go, faster we go, pull him along, Don't let him slow." "HELP!!!" cried Percy. This driver applied the brakes, but it was too late. He went off the rails at Bulgy's bridge.

Luckily, no one was hurt. Bertie arrived and was pleased Percy was all right, but he was also very cross. "You've blocked the road." Bertie snapped.

He was worried he wouldn't get the gentlemen of The Railway Board to the demonstration on time. When The Fat Controller heard the news, he went straight to Harvey "I need you to rescue one of my engines." "I'll do my best sir." Harvey said bravely and he set off immediately.

Harvey soon arrived and went to work.

In no time Percy was back on the tracks. The gentleman at the Railway Board were very impressed. "That was the best demonstration of all. The gentlemen of the railway board. I've decided you shall join the railway."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Harvey proudly. That night Harvey heard the engines talking again.

This time it was different. "Well done, Harvey" said Gordon.

"Very useful,"

said James. "You can take my mail." said Percy, "You see," said Thomas, "different can be good." All the engines agreed. "Welcome to the Sodor railway," they called, Harvey smiled happily.

No Sleep for Cranky

Brendam Docks is one of the busiest dock yards on all The Island of Sodor. It's where ships and engines and cranes alike are busy day and night, every day of the year. But poor Cranky the Crane never gets a nap. He never gets to sleep early. He works all the time. And his only company are the gulls that settle on his arm. so Cranky is always cranky.

"Ahoy there Cranky."

cried Salty.

"Where have you been?" snapped Cranky.

"And a good day to you too captain."

Bill and Ben arrived for world full of mischeif "Hurry up." barked Cranky, "I haven't got all day."

"You're no fun." grumbled Bill. "You wouldn't be fun if you were stuck up here." snapped Cranky,

"So that's why you're cranky." said Bill. "You're lonely." said Ben. "I'm not" Cranky cranked.

"So it's company you'd be needing."

said Salty.

"Reminds me of a lonely old Grand Banks, Lighthouse keeper."

"No, another one of your stories." cried Cranky. "Oh, please Salty!" they chimed. "We haven't heard it."

"T'was in the middle of a wee naughty storm."

Salty began,

"the likes of which you'd see once in a lifetime."

This made Cranky very cranky, so cranky that he swung his arm around, and dropped the pipes onto the tracks instead of the trucks. "Woops," said Cranky meekly,

"You've blown the main now matie."

said Salty. The engines were trapped. "You're going to get into trouble." sang Bill and Ben. The Fat Controller was in his office being measured for a new waistcoat. When he heard the news he left immediately for the docks. The Fat Controller knew that any delay at the docks could cause confusion. "You have made a terrible mess Cranky." he said sternly. "I'm sorry sir."

Cranky whispered, "You engines will have to stay here tonight until Harvey clears up this mess in the morning." Cranky's heart sank as Salty uttered those faithful words.

"That reminds me of a story." "It was a bitter cold winter. The brave little ship was stuck until the ice melted the next spring. He barely made it Round the cape. After 100 scary days at sea without a scratch, he sailed into port and crashed his bow not 15 feet from my buffers. Luckily, no one was hurt." "Set my ears." wailed Cranky. Salty spent all night telling tales of powerful storms, daring rescues and brave little ships. And when the sun rose he was still talking and talking and talking. "I can't take anymore." growned Cranky.

Harvey the Crane Engine arrived. "The Fat Controller sent me to help clear away this mess." he puffed proudly. Cranky was so pleased the engines would be going soon he forgot to be cranky. "I'll never misbehave again." he promised "As long as I don't have to listen to anymore of Salty stories." and after Harvey and the workmen had cleared the wreckage, Cranky worked hard all day. He carefully loaded the trucks helped speed the engines on their way and he said "please," and "thank you." "This is new," puffed Thomas, but he had spoken too soon. Cranky couldn't help himself. "It was nice while it lasted," said Percy, and all the engines laughed, but Cranky is still cranky.

A Bad Day for Harold the Helicopter

Harold the Helicopter loves flying, up in the bright blue sky over The Island of Sodor he looks out for anyone in distress. Sometimes he delivers the mail. This makes Percy very cross.

"The mailrun is done. Is there anymore? I can deliver it for you in a jif. That's what friends are for."

"Delivering the mail is an engines job," said Percy grumpily.

Percy has many jobs, but carrying the mail is his favourite. It makes him feel really useful. The next morning, Percy was happily pulling the mail train, "Must be on time must be on time." He cuffed. But up ahead, there was trouble with the signalbox, it was broken. The signal engineers did not know how long it would take to fix. Percy had to stop. It's not safe for engines to run without signals. But Percy was very upset. "I'm going to be late," he cried, "and it's not even my fault." The Fat Controller was in his office enjoying his toast and marmalade when he heard the news.

"Percy is stuck at a broken signal, then Harold must take the mail."

Poor Percy was still waiting and still upset, the last time he was held up the mail was given to Harold. "It made me feel like a really useless engine." He said, "Well, the mail must arrive on time." said his driver. Just then they heard the familiar sound coming from above.

"Hello,"

said Harold.

The Fat Controller says you need my help. That's what friends are for.

"Oh No," cried Percy, but The Fat Controller had made up his mind. There was nothing Percy could do. Percy's driver help blow the mail bags into Harold's cargo net. "Maybe we should take the mail bags a few at a time." said his pilot "They're very heavy."

"I'd have to make too many trips then I'd be as slow as Percy."

And so they loaded all the mail into Harold's net at once. The Engineer continued to work on the signal. Just as they finished loading a signal engineer cried out. "It's fixed." He said, "Wait Harold." shouted Percy. "I'm ready to go." But it was too late. Harold had already taken off. Percy watched the mail disappear, He was upset.

But then, they all heard a strange sound. "Watch out for those trees. Harold." cried his pilot.

"My net is too heavy."

ailed Harold. "Harold is in trouble." Percy cried. "We must try to help him."

"Are you all right?" called Percy.

"Just get someone to pull me out of this haystack."

sputtered Harold, and Percy did as fast as he could. The next day Harold's engine was fixed and he was flying again. Percy was very pleased to see him. "Fancy taking the mail Harold," Percy teased. "I'll standby with the rescue team." All the engines tooted and Harold hovered so low that only Percy could hear. "Thanks for getting help to pull me out of that haystack dear chap." He said. "That's all right." said Percy, "That's what friends are for."

Elizabeth The Vintage Lorry

Thomas the Tank Engine enjoys taking specials. Today, he was bringing a special to Brendam Docks. His load was to go onto a cargo ship. The ship was scheduled to depart at sundown. Thomas had to get to the docks before then, but the load was very heavy. So Thomas puffed as hard as he could. He pulled so hard, he broke his coupling rods. He wasn't going anywhere... "Oh dear!" Thomas said, "I'll be late!" His driver saw an old shed near the track. "If there's a telephone in there, I could call for help!" He said. "Hurry!" Said Thomas. "And be careful, it looks a bit spooky!" Then a voice boomed from inside the shed.

"Do you mind?! I'm trying to sleep!"

Thomas hoped it wasn't a ghost. Then his driver appeared. "Is it a ghost?" Asked Thomas nervously. "It's a surprise!" His driver teased. Then the fireman took some of Thomas's coal and headed off to the shed. "She could get to this to the fitters yard." His driver said. "If her boiler holds..." Added the firemen anxiously. "What kind of surprise is that?" Thomas wondered.

"Thomas! Meet Elizabeth!" Said his driver. At last the doors opened and out chuffed a dirty grimy steam lorry.

"So, you're the little puffer that's broken down..." She sniffed.

Thomas was cross. "And you're just an old sentinel lorry!" He retorted.

"That would be vintage sentinel lorry!" Snapped Elizabeth, "And I haven't much time to get your coupling rods!"

The driver was concerned. Elizabeth was making awful grinding sounds. "She's not built for hills..." He said anxiously. "You're losing steam!" He called.

"Just... Catching my breath!" Elizabeth chuffed.

And finally she made it. When Elizabeth returned with Thomas's coupling rods, she was pleased with herself.

"And next time, don't be so careless!" She scolded.

Thomas thought Elizabeth was the rudest lorry he had ever met! But he was very happy to get his new coupling rods. Thomas made it to the docks just in time.

"What took you so long?" said the Fat Controller.

Thomas told him about his broken coupling rods. He wanted to tell him how rude Elizabeth had been, when she rolled up.

"Oh... It's you..." Said Elizabeth looking down at the Fat Controller. "Have you learned to drive properly yet?"

"She's for it now!" said Thomas to his driver.

"Elizabeth!" Said the Fat Controller fondly. "My first lorry! I thought you had been lost!"

They were old friends. It was too much for Thomas... Then Elizabeth told the Fat Controller how she'd been left in the shed for years. The Fat Controller was so pleased Elizabeth had been found he asked Jem Cole to restore her to her original beauty. And soon Elizabeth had a rich dark colour and gleaming coach works. "You're the grandest lorry in the whole railroad!" the Fat Controller said proudly. "I know!" said Elizabeth even more proudly.

And Thomas had to agree she did look grand.

The Fogman

It was winter on the Island of Sodor. The first fogs had begun to roll in from the sea. Thomas, Annie and Clarabel love the quiet of Misty Valley. But Thomas must be careful of rocks, that sometimes roll on to the tracks.

Cyril the Fogman has a very important job. He puts detonators on the tracks to warn the engines when there's fog ahead.

"Oooh!" Shivered Thomas as he ran over the detonator. "That made my axles tingle!" "Cyril's done his job!" Said his driver. "We'd better slow down. There's fog ahead!" "Thank you, Cyril!" Said Thomas. That night at the sheds, the Fat Controller had something special to show the engines. It was very large and strange-looking. "What is it?" Asked Percy.

"It's a new invention - a railway foghorn.

Said the Fat Controller.

"It warns you when there's fog ahead, like this."

"That's loud!" said Percy.

"Too loud..."

Huffed James. "Sounds like a tugboat to me!" Grumbled Gordon. Thomas looked worried. "What will Cyril do now?" he asked.

"He will be getting a much-needed rest."

Said the Fat Controller.

"Besides, this new foghorn will be more reliable."

"Poor Cyril..." Whispered Thomas. "He's been scrapped..." The next day, Percy was cheerfully chuffing through Misty Valley, when suddenly...

"Ohh bother!" Exclaimed Percy. "That foghorn is so loud it rattles my dome! And it doesn't even make my axles tingle!" "Still, we'd better slow down." Said his driver. "There's fog ahead." The foghorn had been so loud that it made the hillside shake. No sooner was Percy out of sight, when one rock fell, then another, and another...

Before long, the track was blocked, and the foghorn was crushed. And not far away, Thomas was happily puffing right on time.

"I can't see a thing!" Said Thomas, and then before he could even think of anything else...

"BUST MY BUFFERS!" Cried Thomas. "What happened to the foghorn?!" "I don't know," said his driver, "but at least nobody's been hurt." "Toby will be coming down the line any minute!"

Said his fireman. "If there's no fog warning," said Thomas, "he'll run into us!" "Leave it to me!"

Called a voice from the fog. "It's Cyril!" said Thomas. "I hope he's in time!" Toby and his coach

Henrietta were chuffing along. Toby was looking forward to a well-earned drink at the next

station when... "Fog detonators!" Puffed Toby. "There must be fog ahead!" Said his driver. "We'd better slow down." And just around the next bend, with his axles still tingling, Toby was very glad they did. Otherwise, they would have crashed into Thomas's wreck. Soon, the tracks were cleared and Thomas was back on the rails. "If it hadn't been for Cyril," said Thomas, "Toby might have had a worse accident than me!"

"Instead of replacing Cyril with a foghorn,"

Said the Fat Controller, "We'll replace the foghorn with Cyril! You are clearly more reliable!"

"Thank you, sir!" Said Cyril. "And thank you!" Said Toby. "New inventions are all very well..." "But they don't make my axles tingle!" Said Percy.

Jack Jumps In

It was a tingly spring morning on the Island of Sodor. Thomas was excited. The Fat Controller had sent him to collect a special from Jenny Packard. "Spot on, Thomas!" Miss Jenny said. "You'd make a mother proud!" "Thanks, Miss Jenny!" He said. "Is this my special?" "Very special!" She answered. "I'm Jack the Front Loader!" He whirred proudly. "I can load, and unload, and carry lots of things!" "I can haul and shunt!" Boasted Thomas. "And I can get you two chatterboxes off to the quarry!" Laughed Miss Jenny. "Is this your first job at the quarry?" Called Thomas. "It's my first job on the island!" Jack called back. "Look out for Max!" Thomas added. "He's trouble!" Soon, Thomas delivered Jack to the quarry. All the machines were busy preparing the site for new railway tracks. Jack couldn't wait to join in. He scooted towards a big excavator. "I'm Jack, can I help?" "Oh my! No!" Oliver replied kindly. "Help Byron!" Byron the Bulldozer was shoving rock and rubble with his giant blade. "I'm Jack, can I help?" "I don't need help!" Boomed Byron. "Try Kelly the Crane!" "I'm Jack!" He wheeled cheerfully. "Mind my paint!" Snapped the lorry. "Isabella!" Scolded Kelly. "Sorry! Welcome to the Pack!" "And if you want to work..." Said Kelly. "See the foreman!" Isabella said cheekily. "He's in charge!" The foreman introduced Jack to his banksman. "I'm here to help you work safely." Said the banksman. "No speeding and no horseplay!" Added the foreman. "Now go and help Alfie!" "Yes sir!" Replied Jack eagerly, and he raced off. "Remember!" Called the banksman. "Safety first!" Alfie is an excavator. He makes a hardest job seem like play. "I'm Jack! I'm here to help!" "More help means more dirt, more dirt means more fun! I'm Alfie!" Jack and Alfie were working hard and having wonderful fun. Suddenly, a huge dump truck roared by. "MAX!" Alfie cried. "So THAT'S Max!" Said Jack. "Thomas was right, he IS trouble!" "Look out, Jack!" Cried Alfie. Max stopped just in time. Jack refused to move. "Stop bullying!" Said Jack bravely. "Can't you take a joke?" Max grumbled and dished away. "Thank you, Jack!" Said Alfie. Then the foreman shouted. "Oliver! Move this rock!" "I'll do it!" Cried Jack. Jack scooped a bucketful of rock. "Stop!" Shouted his banksman. But he didn't stop. He was too eager to help. "No!" Shouted Isabella, but it was too late. "Oh no!" He cried. "Oops..." Jack sputtered. Miss Jenny was glad Jack wasn't hurt, but she was disappointed. "Safety first!" She said firmly. "Means you don't rush in where you don't belong!" "I'm sorry, Miss Jenny..." Jack said sadly. "Maybe you're not ready for the Pack..." Sighed Miss Jenny. "We'll see if you can do better tomorrow..." After Miss Jenny returned to the yards., Jack was sad. Isabella could see he was unhappy. "You're a good front loader." She said. "And a good friend!" Said Alfie. "Being a good friend is important!" Said Thomas. That made Jack feel just a bit better.

A Friend in Need

Thomas chuffed along the branch line thinking about his new friend Jack. "I hope he's doing better today." puffed Thomas. Yesterday Jack had broken the rules and had gotten into trouble. The pack was widening the road beneath the old quarry bridge Jack and Alfie well loading Max, dust and dirt flew everywhere. Work had never been so much fun.

Jack felt very proud. He'd work hard, been very good and followed all the rules. But he was still worried Miss Jenny wouldn't let him stay. Ned the steam shovel was cheerfully clearing rocks. Ned has a big bucket and a big heart. Sometimes his bucket is too full, "Careful. bumble bucket." "Sorry," said Ned cheerfully.

Thomas couldn't wait to get to the old bridge, He knew the pack were working there. He could see how Jack was doing. Back at the site the foreman shouted, "Oliver, this top soil needs moving now." "I'll move it," cried Jack. "Jack!" Before anyone could stop him. Jack raced under the bridge. He was about to fill his bucket when he remembered Miss Jenny's warning.

"Don't jump in where you don't belong."

"Oliver," he said, "This is your job, not mine." "Thank you." Oliver said politely. "Well done Jack" called Kelly. "Yes. Well done." chimed Alfie and Isabella. Jack beamed proudly. Later Ned was moving under the bridge. His Banksman had told him to lower his crane arm, "I must be careful. I must be careful. I must be careful." Then there was trouble. Ned hadn't lowered his crane arm far enough. It knocked loose the important key stones. The bridge started to crumble. Thomas puffed towards the bridge. unaware of the danger ahead. "Thomas!" Jack jumped in and lifted his front loader up against the bridge. He pushed with all his might. Thomas saw the flag man. His driver applied the brakes but it was too late. "Cinders and Ashes," cried Thomas. Jack didn't let go. Finally Thomas's driver back Thomas to safety. "Hold on Jack." called Kelly and he rushed to help. Jack couldn't hold the bridge any longer. "Are you all right Jack?" "I think so." Thomas brought Jack back to the yard. Jack was afraid Miss Jenny would be cross with him. After all he had jumped in and damaged his arms. But Miss Jenny was pleased.

"Spot on Jack."

She said.

"You'd make a mother proud."

"And a tank engine grateful." Thomas chuffed.

"It's off to the fitters with you tomorrow Jack, the pack can't have a front loader with bent arms."

"You mean I can Stay?"

"I wouldn't have it any other way,"

Miss Jenny grinned. "We're a cracking crew." laughed Kelly. "And all the better for Jack being here," said Isabella. "Welcome to the pack Jack." cheered Alfie. Jack was so happy he couldn't think of anything to say. So we just revved his engine and bounced his bucket.

As Thomas steamed towards Tidmouth sheds he felt very happy. "Yes," he said "Welcome to the pack Jack."

It's Only Snow

It's winter holiday time on The Island of Sodor. It's very cold, but the engines don't mind they love this time of the year when the stations look jolly in their decorations. There is plenty of work with passengers and parcels to be delivered. No matter what the weather.

"Driver says there's more snow on the way," said Edward. "We'll soon be wearing our snowploughs." said James "You'll enjoy that, won't you Thomas?" teased Henry, "You know I won't," said Thomas. "I don't like my snowplough."

Sure enough, that night The wind blew and the snow fell heavily. The next morning The Fat Controller arrived. He told the engines they were to have snow ploughs fitted.

"And you are to collect something special from Callan station, it's needed for the village feast on Toby's branch line."

Thomas was excited about his special but not about his snowplough. "Please, sir. My plough is awkward and uncomfortable. Do I have to wear it?"

"Everyone has to wear a snowplough."

said The Fat Controller. The fitters, his driver and fireman all helped with Thomas's snowplough.

"We'll have to try that again," laughed his driver, "Big horrid awkward thing." Thomas grumbled.

He was much happier when he arrived at Callan station and saw his special It was a beautiful Christmas Tree. "The tree's to have lights on stand in the middle of the village," said Edward.

"Make sure you get it to Toby safely." "I will," said Thomas.

Thomas arrived at Maithwaite and Toby was very happy to see him. "The villagers will be delighted with this tree." Toby said, "I'm glad you have your snowplough I can't clear the snow drifts by myself."

Thomas couldn't see there was a huge rock buried under the snow. Suddenly his snow cloud hit the rock. "Bouncing Buffers!" exclaimed Thomas. "My plough is broken." His driver trying to stop but a broken plough hit the water tower. "Cinders and Ashes!" exclaimed Thomas. "We can't go any further." said Thomas' driver, "and there's no one to help us." "But the villagers need the tree." said Thomas. "Let me try again, I'm sure I can make it." It wasn't easy without a snowplough. But Thomas was determined.

He Pushed and he pushed and he pushed. Thomas was trying as hard as he could. But that was just one snowdrift after another. Finally Thomas and Toby were pulling into the village station. Thomas whistled, and the villages cheered when they saw their beautiful tree, "Hurrah" they said "Hurrah."

The next day, The Fat Controller sent for Thomas. Thomas was worried, what would The Fat Controller say about his broken snowplough, but The Fat Controller wasn't cross he was very pleased.

"The villagers had a wonderful feast."

he said.

"You were very brave to take on that snow without a plough."

"Thank you sir." said Thomas happily

"As you know,"

continued The Fat Controller.

"There are no spare snowploughs so you'll just have to do without yours for a while."

"Oh, thank you, sir." grinned Thomas.

Twin Trouble

Donald and Douglas are Scottish twin engines. They're practical, peppery and proud. They nearly always work together. One day, Donald and Douglas were chuffing through the countryside hauling a heavy load. Down the line, Trevor the Traction Engine had been struggling with a big cart load of hay. Crossing the tracks, the cart's wheels had broken off. Then Trevor heard a whistle. "Oh no!" Trevor cried. Donald could see the cart.

"Stop!" He cried. Donald's driver applied the brakes but it was too late. Luckily, no one was hurt.

"Stop being pushy!" Donald snapped. "Don't call me pushy!" Douglas snapped back.

"You should nae have pushed me into the cart!" Huffed Donald.

"You pulled me, you mean!"

Argued Douglas. "Did nae!" "Did!" "Did no!" "Did too!"

Before long the track was cleared, and Donald and Douglas were on their way. But the twins were so cross, they refused to speak to each other for the rest of the day. The next day, the Fat Controller needed an engine to help Duck at the smelter's yards.

"May I go, sir?"

Said Donald eagerly.

"I only need one engine,"

said The Fat Controller, "not two!" "I am only one engine sir," said Donald. "and I would like to work with Duck!" The Fat Controller was surprised, but agreed. Thomas was worried. "Won't you miss one another?" He asked. "I know I'd miss Annie and Clarabel."

"I'll work better on my own..." Sniffed Douglas. "I have work to do..." Huffed Donald. At first, Donald enjoyed working with Duck. Then, things started to go wrong.

"Did you shunt those trucks onto the other line?"

Donald asked. "You said you wanted them on the other line." Duck replied.

"Not THAT other line! The OTHER other line!" Donald was cross. "Douglas would have known what I meant..." He huffed. Douglas was working on his own. He chuffed dutifully through the beautiful countryside. But Douglas had no one to share it with. Although he tried not to, he was beginning to miss his twin. That night, Douglas' driver took him to visit Donald.

"I was just passing..." Said Douglas. "Have you come to say you're sorry?!"

Donald sniffed. This made Douglas very cross. "I've nothing to be sorry for!"

He said, and steamed away in a huff. The next day, Donald was in a bad mood. Duck could see he was getting too close to the buffers. "Look out!" He shouted, but it was too late. Donald's driver was very cross. "This wouldn't have happened if you were working with Douglas!" He said. Donald knew he was right, and Duck knew he couldn't pull Donald back onto the rails. So he went for help. Douglas was sadly finishing his work as Duck steamed into the depot.

"Donald's in trouble!" said Duck. "Donald in trouble?!" Douglas cried. "I'm on my way!" And he steamed off as fast as he could. Douglas struggled and struggled. He finally pulled his twin gently back onto the tracks. He was relieved Donald wasn't hurt.

"Thank you!" Donald said. "And, I'm sorry..." "No, I'm sorry..." Said Douglas. "I'M sorry!" Insisted Donald. "You don't have to have a row about who's sorry!" Chuckled Duck. "Just be glad you're back together!" And they were.

The World's Strongest Engine

The engines on the Island of Sodor like feeling responsible, reliable, and really useful. They work hard to complete the jobs on time. They don't like confusion and delay. But the Troublesome Trucks delight in mischief and their mischief causes trouble as poor Henry found out.

"Henry has had an accident and been sent for repairs."

said The Fat Controller.

"There are no other engines available, so Diesel will help until Henry returns"

"Yes sir," Puffed the engines but they weren't happy. The engines didn't like Diesel he was always being rude and always showing off. "I hope Henry's mended soon," said Percy, "He moves more trucks and three Diesels put together." Agreed Thomas, "Trucks are no one's friends." huffed Gordon.

The next day Diesel was working at the docks.

"When The Fat Controller sees how good I am,"

he bragged to the trucks,

"He'll get rid of steam engines once and for all."

This gave the Troublesome Trucks an idea, as Diesel shunted them together they started to sing,

"Is that all you can haul, Henry's loads are longer, Is that all you can haul, Henry must be stronger."

Diesel was cross, he was sure that he was stronger than Henry.

"I'll push you all at the same time."

He said, the Trucks giggled.

"Push us all that's the longest, push us all you'll be the strongest."

"That's me."

said Diesel.

"The World's Strongest Engine."

And Diesel shunted 5 trucks together, then 10, then 15, soon he had an enormous line of 20 trucks. "What's Diesel doing?" cried Percy. "He thinks he's The World's Strongest Engine."

replied Thomas. Diesel didn't know the shunters that set the brakes on the trucks, the Troublesome Trucks knew but encouraged Diesel to push anyway. "Push, Push, Push," Diesel pushed, and he pushed, and he pushed. But the trucks didn't move. So Diesel decided to pull the trucks instead.

"Heave Ho, Heave Ho, You can pull, But we won't go"

sang the trucks. This made Diesel very cross. He pulled, and he pulled, and he pulled, and he pulled. "HELP!" "Grease and Oil."

Diesel sulked as the trucks laughed and laughed. The Fat Controller looked down crossly at Diesel. "I thought you would be a proper Dockyard Diesel, but I was wrong. He said.

"Can you make up for lost time Henry?" "Oh yes sir." Henry replied happily. He backed up to the trucks and the shunters release the brakes. Then Henry pulled away as easy as pie. and the engines cheered. Diesel was sent home in disgrace, but the engines had learned a lesson.

"Even Troublesome Trucks can do you a favour sometimes." chuffed Thomas, "like getting rid of smelly old Diesel." puffed Percy.

Scaredy Engines

The Engines on the Island of Sodor look forward to Halloween. They love The Fat Controller's fireworks, and the children dressing up as wizards and witches. They also love Edward spooky stories. "They say that on Halloween the ghost engine returns to the smelters looking for his lost, Woo! Woo! whistle." "Oh, ah spooky," The engines said all shivering a little later The Fat Controller arrived

"Thomas, Percy and Duck I have a special job for you."

He said,

"You are to collect some scrap from the smelters yard tonight."

"On Halloween!?"

"Don't worry, you will be back in time for the fireworks."

"Percy isn't worried about missing the fireworks." teased Thomas. "He's a scaredy engine." "I am not!" called Percy. But he was, a little.

At the smelters all Percy could think about was Edward's ghost engine.

Thomas knew Percy was scared so he teased him even more. "What's that up there?" Thomas squeaked, "Is it a spook?" "It's just a piece of twisted scrap." Percy says nervously, "Isn't it?"

Thomas was having fun, he kept on teasing Percy "Careful the ghost engine doesn't get you."

Thomas said, "There's no such thing as ghosts." snapped Percy. Duck felt sorry for Percy.

"Nobody's brave all the time." said Duck, "But I'm not a scaredy engine." Percy insisted.

The job was nearly complete. "Well done." The yard manager said "Now I'll need one engine to finish up." Duck wanted to pay Thomas back for all his teasing, "Please sir," he said, "I'm sure Thomas wouldn't mind staying." "Of course not." Thomas boasted. "I'm not a scaredy engine."

So Duck and Percy left.

When Thomas was buying himself, every sound and every shadow was spooky. He was beginning to feel very scared. "There is no such things as ghosts." He said nervously "Who's there!?" Thomas was so busy looking for ghosts. He didn't watch where he was going. The chains felt like ghost fingers. "Something's got me." Thomas weeshed and set off an old steam whistle. "The G-G-Ghost whistle." said Thomas, and he raced away as fast as his wheels could carry him.

"THE GHOST ENGINE IS AFTER MEE!!!!!"

"It was naughty of Thomas to tease you Percy," said Duck. "He was only playing," said Percy. "I hope he hurrys up. I wouldn't want him to be late for the fireworks." "He's after me!" "I don't think he'll be late," said Duck. Duck and Percy joined the other engines for the fireworks. "Where's Thomas," Percy asked, "He'll miss all the fun." "It would serve him right after all his teasing," Duck said, but Percy was worried. He went to look for his friend.

He found Thomas all alone in the shed. "Are you all right, Thomas? He said, "Yes, I'm sorry I teased you Percy." Thomas said, "Duck was right, We all feel scared sometimes." "And we all have to say sorry sometimes," said his friend. "So come on Thomas. We can watch the fireworks just as well from here." And he was right.

Percy and the Haunted Mine

In the summertime, the branch line stationmasters enjoy a friendly competition for the most beautiful station on the Island of Sodor. The engines love to help too. One evening, the Fat Controller came to the sheds.

"I want Percy to collect some flower bushes for Lower Tidmouth Station."

He said.

"They're at Maithwaite."

"Maithwaite?!" Percy said. "Y-Yes, sir!" He added nervously. Percy chuffed anxiously through the thickening fog. He doesn't like travelling to Maithwaite at night. The line passes through a junction next to a spooky old quarry mine. Percy hoped the signal at the junction would be green. He didn't want to stop next to the mine, but the signal was red. He had to stop.

Suddenly, he saw something.

"Bouncing buffers!" Cried Percy. His driver hadn't seen the old chimney sink into the ground.

The signal changed. Percy was so scared, he steamed away as fast as he could. The next day, Percy was telling Donald and Douglas about the disappearing chimney.

"It's the naughty gnomes."

Teased Donald.

"Wee fat men with big feet that make strange things happen."

Said Douglas.

"It's legendary! They steal your wheels and pinch your funnels!"

Percy didn't want to believe them, but he wasn't sure... The Fat Controller was waiting for Percy at Dryaw Station.

"I want to collect some trucks from the abandoned mine."

He said. "Ye- Y-Yes, sir!" Percy answered, but he really didn't want to go there again. Percy hoped he wouldn't see anything else disappear. He slipped into the sidings and buffered up to the trucks. "Spooky!" Stammered Percy. Suddenly, another building at the old mine sank into the ground. "What was that?!" Shouted his driver. "Double bouncing buffers!" Shrieked Percy. He was so scared, he lurched forward and rammed the truck. "NAUGHTY GNOMES!!!" Cried Percy. He steamed away faster than before, all the way back to Lower Tidmouth Station. Percy's driver told the Fat Controller what they had seen. "It's the naughty gnomes!" Cried Percy. "They like to cause trouble! It's legendary!"

"Nonsense!" Said the Fat Controller. "The old buildings are collapsing into empty mineshafts, that's all!" "But I saw the gnomes!" Protested Percy.

"Of course you did!" Said the Fat Controller. "Garden gnomes!" "Garden gnomes?!" "To decorate Lower Tidmouth Station!" The Fat Controller said. "They're not scary! Garden gnomes bring good luck!"

And he ordered Percy to return immediately and get them. Percy was scared, but he knew he had to be responsible, so he carried on. "I'm not scared! I'm not scared!" He waited for something else spooky to happen, but it didn't. And the Fat Controller was right. The garden gnomes weren't scary at all. His driver and firemen had collected the gnomes, and Percy took them straight back to Lower Tidmouth Station. Later that week, the stationmaster thanked Percy. "We wouldn't have won our competition without your garden gnomes!" Percy was very proud. "You were right, sir. Naughty gnomes can be lucky after all!"

Middle Engine

The Fat Controller's engines love their work. Gordon likes pulling the express; Thomas likes his branch line; and Percy likes taking the mail. But none of them likes being a middle engine. It's no fun being stuck in the middle. One morning, Percy was cheerfully collecting coal trucks from the smelter yards where 'Arry and Bert worked. They liked to play tricks on steam engines. Percy didn't want to fall for their tricks again, but before he knew it, he was stuck in the middle. "Oh, bother!" Chuffed Percy crossly.

"Little green piggy in the middle!"

'Arry teased. Percy's driver was cross. With trucks in front of him and trucks behind, Percy had to go slowly. James was in the yards when Percy steamed slowly by.

"It's Slow-Coach Percy!"

James laughed. "You wouldn't be laughing if you were stuck in the middle!" Percy fumed. And he fumed all the way to the coaling plant. One by one, he shunted his trucks onto the tipper's loading ramp. The coal was unloaded. Percy was not allowed to cross the loading ramp until the tipper had been turned off. It was against the rules. But as soon as his driver and fireman left, there was trouble. Henry arrived to pick up coal. He bumped into the trucks, and the trucks bumped into Percy. Percy was pushed onto the loading ramp. "Help!" Cried Percy. "I'm not a truck!" But no one heard him. Percy was hoisted up, tipped over, and brought back down again. After Percy was loaded back onto the ground, the manager was very cross. "You have caused confusion and delay!" He said. "I'll have to report this to the Fat Controller!" That night, the Fat Controller spoke severely to Percy. "I'm very disappointed in you, Percy!" He said. "You know it's against the rules to go on the tipper's loading ramp!"

"Sorry sir!" Percy said sadly. "But it wasn't my fault! It's because those diesels made me a middle engine!" "Nevertheless, you will shunt trucks in the yard until I can get to the bottom of this!" "Pah!" Said James, thinking no one could hear.

"I could handle those diesels with bent buffers and a busted boiler!"

"Then you will do Percy's run to the smelter..."

"Yes sir..."

Said James. The next day, James arrived at the smelter. He was determined not to be tricked by 'Arry and Bert. "Ello, James!" Oozed 'Arry. "Come to learn a thing or two from those who know?"

"Just get my trucks ready and stay out of my way!"

Huffed James importantly.

"Yes sir..." Bert chimed greasily. James cheerfully backed up to his trucks. He was certain he had fooled 'Arry and Bert, but he was wrong.

"Little red piggy in the middle!" Chortled 'Arry. "Just like Bertie!" Jeered Bert. "I am not like Bertie!" Huffed James. "I am not a middle engine, and I'm not moving!"

And he didn't... When the Fat Controller heard the news, he sent Percy to fetch James. This made Percy happy. He buffered up to James, and took him along with all the trucks to the docks.

"Right on time!" said the manager. "But what is that big red engine doing in the middle?"

"Learning..." Percy replied. "Learning what?" "Learning to be a middle engine!" James covered himself in steam, hoping no one would recognise him. But it was no good. There is only one big red engine on the island and everyone knows his name is James!

James and the Red Balloon

It's summer holiday time on the Island of Sodor. Holidaymakers come from far and wide to enjoy the beauty of the island. It's the busiest time of the year for the Fat Controller's engines. Thomas was excited. The Fat Controller had sent him to pick up a special to deliver to Dryaw Airfield.

"What have you got there?" Tooted Percy. "A balloon!" Replied Thomas. "A party balloon?" Asked Percy excitedly. "No." said Thomas. "This is a very special balloon!" And he chuffed away. Soon, Thomas arrived at the airfield and hot air was puffed into the balloon.

"What... Is that...?"

Huffed James. "A hot air balloon!" Said Thomas. "It will take holidaymakers on rides around the island!"

"Taking holidaymakers on rides around the island is our job!"

Wheeshed James jealously, then as if by magic, the hot air balloon rose silently up into the sky.

"What if the hot air balloon takes our passengers away?"

Chuffed James.

"What will happen to us then?"

This made Thomas worry. Suddenly he wasn't so excited about the balloon. The balloon could be seen by everyone on the Island of Sodor. Duck gazed at it for so long, he ran into the back of Stepney.

"Why, 'tis a floating basket with folk in it!"

Said Donald.

"Whatever will they dream up next?"

Said Douglas. James and Thomas were waiting at a level crossing. They were still worried about the hot air balloon. "If it takes our passengers away," chuffed Thomas, "there'll be no use for us engines!" "Passengers should travel on trains!" Huffed James. "Not in silly balloons!" Then something big and round and red drifted straight towards them. "We're out of hot air!" Shouted a voice.

"AAAAAA!" Cried James. "WHAT'S HAPPENING?!" Crash! Bang! Wallop! Went the balloon, and landed right on top of James. He was so scared, he let out a huge burst of steam... Which blew the balloon up again... The balloon rose into the air once more. "Well done, James!" Called his driver. "Your hot air did the trick!" "Oh no, James!" Cried Thomas. "You saved the hot air balloon!" "I didn't mean to..." Groaned James. "Now it's sure to take our passengers!"

Wherever James went, he could see the balloon carrying holidaymakers across the island. He felt he should be taking those passengers.

"Rails are better than hot air any day!" James arrived back at the station. There were lots of people on the platform. The Fat Controller was waiting too.

"Well done, James." He said. "But now the passengers will ride in the hot air balloon!"

The Fat Controller laughed. "You're right, James..." He said. "But they will need a ride home... In a train!" James was delighted. The Fat Controller was right. The engines were busier than ever, taking holidaymakers to and from the airfield. Whenever James sees the red balloon, he whistles and toots. And sometimes, when he's asleep at night, James dreams he can fly too. Just like the red balloon.

Jack Frost

It was an icy day on the Island of Sodor, the engines were working very hard. They didn't mind the cold because they had toasting hot fireboxes to keep them warm.

That evening The Fat Controller came to the shed.

"There's a big freeze coming tonight."

He said.

"James and Percy are to deliver extra coal to the stations."

"Yes, sir." They said eagerly and The Fat Controller drove away. "You'd better hurry," teased Thomas. "or scary Jack Frost might get you." "Who's Jack Frost?" Percy whistled nervously.

"Don't be silly," sniffed James. "Jack Frost is not scary." Yes he is," teased Thomas. "He's all white with a big spiky face. "Rubbish," said James. James knew Jack Frost wasn't scary. But poor Percy wasn't so sure.

Percy shivered. Jack Frost is not scary, Jack Frost is not scary, Jack Frost is not scary!"

Meanwhile, James puffed along his route. "Silly Percy," he thought, "All steamed up over Jack Frost." Percy made his last delivery. The stationmaster was very pleased to see him. "Oh, Percy," he cried. "We need twice as much coal to last through this freeze." "Don't worry," Percy said, "This is my last stop. You can have mine," so Percy's driver parked them in a siding with only Lambton for company. "Do you think scary Jack Frost will find me," said Percy. "Jack Frost's not scary." chuckled his driver. "And don't worry, Elizabeth will bring you some more coal in the morning." And then his driver and fireman went home to bed. Late at night, the icy wind howled it started to snow.

Soon Percy's face was so cold an icicle hung from his nose, "Oh B, B, Bother" Percy stuttered, but it didn't sound like Percy. It was so cold he could hardly make a sound.

At last, James was on his way back to the sheds. In the fog. He saw shadows and strange and scary shapes. "Scary Jack Frost." He whispered nervously. "Pah!"

"He-Hello, J-J-James." muttered Percy. "Scary Jack Frost!" cried James and he raced away as fast as his wheels could carry him. He didn't stop until he got back to the sheds.

The next morning, Elizabeth brought plenty of coal. "Oh, my dear." Elizabeth chuffed to Percy. "It looks like Jack Frost really got you then."

The firelighter started Percy's fire. Soon his ice mask melted away.

"So scary Jack Frost is only frost." tooted Percy happily, and soon he was as warm as toast.

When Percy arrived at the sheds, James was bragging to the other engines. "I saw Scotty Jack Frost last night, James huffed. "He even knows my name." "He also knows that you ran away." teased Percy, and all the engines whistled including James, but Percy's was the loudest whistle of all.

Gordon Takes a Tumble

The Fat Controller's engines are proud of how useful they are. It makes them feel important, but none of them feels more important than Gordon. "Watch out!" Gordon wheeshed. "You'll get my paint all sooty!"

"Pulling trucks is a sooty job!"

Teased Salty.

"But then you wouldn't know..."

"Of course not!" Gordon huffed importantly. "Express engines don't pull trucks! It wouldn't be dignified." "Dingy-fried?" Puzzled Percy. "What's that?" "Dignified." Gordon corrected. "It means..."

"It means someone's too big for his buffers!"

Teased Salty. "Pah!" Said Gordon, and he puffed away. That evening, fog covered the Island of Sodor. Everything slowed down, and soon the docks were packed with waiting trucks. This cause confusion and delay. The Fat Controller came to the sheds. He was in a great hurry.

"Henry, Thomas and Percy!"

He said.

"You must go to the docks immediately!"

Yes sir. They whistled. Then, the Fat Controller turned to the big blue engine.

"You too, Gordon!"

He said.

"I need a big engine to take the trucks where there won't be in the way."

"Trucks?!" Huffed Gordon. He could not believe what he had heard. Gordon wasn't happy to be pulling trucks. He waited impatiently while there were shunted into place. "Hurry up! Hurry up!" Chuffed Gordon crossly. "Why the rush, Gordon?" Asked Thomas. "If I must pull trucks, then I'll show Salty how an express engine pulls trucks!" Gordon huffed.

"Careful, cap'n!" Salty tooted. "You don't wanna get too big for your buffers!" But Gordon ignored Salty. The next morning, Gordon raced along with his heavy load. "Now THIS is how you pull trucks!" He puffed. But the signalman had accidentally left the points switch to the branch line. Gordon rattled through the junction. "That's strange..." He exclaimed. "I'm on the branch line..." "Oh no!" The signalman cried. "Express trains aren't supposed to go that way!" But it was too late. Gordon had already raced into the distance. The old branch line was weak and rusty. There were signs warning all the trains to go slow. But Gordon ignored the signs. "I'm an express engine, I don't go slow!" He said, and he went even faster. The branch line couldn't take his weight, and the rails buckled. "Ohh! Help!" Gordon cried, as he slid off the tracks and into a field. No one was hurt, but poor Gordon felt very undignified. "What will the Fat Controller say...?" He groaned. He found out soon enough. "Well, Gordon..." The Fat Controller said.

"You wanted to show Salty a thing or two, and you've certainly done that. You've shown him how silly it is to ignore 'Go slow' signs!" "Sorry, sir..." Said Gordon, and he let out a sad wheesh of steam. Gordon was soon repaired, and back at the docks ready for work, but he was very unhappy with himself. "Everyone makes mistakes." Said Thomas. "Even you!"

"Salty's sorry he teased ya."

Huffed James. "And I'm sorry I was too big for my buffers!" Chuffed Gordon.

And all the engines gave a jolly toot, even Gordon!

Percy's Chocolate Crunch

The Fat Controller's engines love being shiny and clean. It makes them feel cheerful as they puff across the Island of Sodor.

Percy often has the dirtiest work to do, but he likes to be clean as well as any other engine. So washdowns are important to Percy, but the Fat Controller had bad news.

"Due to a water shortage..."

He said, "No engine shall have more than one washdown a day. Usefulness before cleanliness!"

He added, and left. Percy was upset. "I get dirty!" He complained. "I need washdowns! Gordon only does it to feel important!" "I AM important!" Gordon sniffed. "I'm an express engine!"

"You're a pouty puffer, Percy!"

Teased James. "No I'm not!" Wheeshed Percy, and he chuffed away. Percy was loading trucks at the docks. He was trying extra hard to stay clean. But the Troublesome Trucks were being naughty. As Percy pushed them under the coal chute, they sang out. "On! On! On!" They cried. Percy found himself under the chute and coal dust flew everywhere. "Oh no!" Coughed Percy. "I'm filthy!" Percy felt awful, but he knew he had to carry on. On the way to Callan Station, the Troublesome Trucks teased Percy even more.

"Clickety clack! Don't look back! Dirty Percy's on our track!"

"Be quiet!" Percy snapped. When Percy arrived at Callan Station, he was very upset. "From now on, I'm only doing work where I won't get dirty!" He said. Harold the Helicopter was at Callan Station picking up medical supplies.

"Hello, Percy!"

He called. And he took off blowing cinders and ashes everywhere. "Not again!" Percy cried. "I want a washdown!" "Usefulness before cleanliness..." Reminded his driver. "I want to be useful where I can't get dirty!" Percy huffed. "There's a load of sugar going to the chocolate factory."

His driver said. "We could take the sugar trucks." "Sugar?" Said Percy. "That's nice and clean!"

Percy was pleased. Percy didn't know that earlier a leaky truck had spilled oil on the track.

When he approached the chocolate factory, his driver applied the brakes, but Percy's wheels just skidded on the oily rails. "OH NO!!!" Hooted Percy.

"YUCK!" He groaned. "I've never been this dirty!" He was covered from funnel to firebox in sticky, gooey chocolate. Back at the sheds, everyone thought it was very funny. "You look good enough to eat!" Thomas hooted.

"Pudding Percy!"

Teased James. "Choc ice on wheels!" Chipped in Henry. "Disgraceful!" Said Gordon pompously.

"Ahem!"

Said a stern-sounding voice. It was the Fat Controller.

"You have had a trying day, Percy."

He said. "Yes, sir..." Replied Percy from beneath the chocolate.

"But you've shown us all that usefulness does come before cleanliness! So..."

He added,

"You shall have your washdown!"

"Oh, sir!"

"AND a new coat of paint!"

Percy just beamed.

Buffer Bother

Bill and Ben are quarry engines. They are twins. They play together. They shunt trucks together. They even get up to naughtiness together.

Wherever you find Bill, you will find Ben... Wherever you find Ben, you will find Bill...

The Fat Controller had come to inspect his quarry engines. He found that Mavis and Bill were in fine working order.

"Unfortunately Ben..."

The Fat Controller said.

"Your buffers are damaged. You must report to the engine works immediately for a new set of buffers. Mavis! You will have to work with Bill until Ben returns."

"Yes, sir!" Replied Mavis, and the Fat Controller drove away. Ben was happy. "I'm going to get new buffers!" He gloated to Bill. "Well, I should get new buffers too!" Bill complained. "We're twins, we do everything together!" "But you don't need new buffers!" Ben teased. "You're only getting new buffers because you're clumsy..." Snorted Bill enviously. "No I'm not!" "Yes you are!" "No I'm not!" "Yes you are!" "Will you to stop being grouchy?!" Mavis scolded. "Now come on, Bill, we've got work to do!" Ben couldn't wait to get new buffers. Later, Bill watched as Ben chuffed away to the engine works. He was green with envy. He wanted new buffers too. Bill returned to his job, but he wasn't thinking about work. All he could think about was Ben's new buffers. "Ooh!" Said Bill. "A-! A-! Achoo!" "Be careful!" Said Mavis. "And stop thinking about Ben's new buffers!" Bill tried thinking about birds. He tried thinking about trees. He tried thinking about anything but Ben and his brand new buffers. But it didn't work...

"I want new buffers too!" He cried. "Just be happy you're in good working order!" Said Mavis.

"It's not fair!" Bill huffed, and he wheeshed soot all over Mavis. "Bill!" Gasped Mavis. "Oops! Sorry!" Said Bill. Bill tried his best to get on with his work, but the Troublesome Trucks had spotted a chance for a tease.

"Poor poor Bill! He works, he suffers, while Ben his twin gets brand new buffers!"

This made Bill very cross. "I might not have new buffers..." He said. "But I still know how to biff a truck!" "No!" Mavis cried. But it was too late. Ben puffed into the quarry with his shiny new buffers just in time to hear: "Bust my buffers!" Cried Bill. "I think you have..." Said Ben. When the Fat Controller arrived and saw Bill's broken buffers, he was not happy.

"You have behaved badly, Bill!"

The Fat Controller said.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes sir... I'm sorry, sir..." Said Bill.

"Before you get new buffers..."

The Fat Controller continued.

"I want you to think about what it means to be a responsible, reliable engine!"

"Yes sir..." Answered Bill meekly. After the Fat Controller had left, Ben rolled up to Bill with his new buffers gleaming. "They are nice buffers." Bill said. "Thanks." Ben said. "I'm sorry I teased you..." "That's alright." Bill said. "I was naughty too..." "Of course you were!" Said Ben. "We're twins!"

Toby Had a Little Lamb

Winter on the Island of Sodor can be windy and cold. When the cold wind blows, the engines can't wait to get back to the snug warmth for Tidmouth Sheds. "Bitter cold, Bitter cold, Bitter cold." chuffed Toby. "Still, I'll soon be back in my nice dry shed." But suddenly he could see a farmer standing knee deep in snow. He was waving the red flag.

Toby's driver applied the brakes. "My phone lines are down. All the roads are blocked and my sheep have just started lambing," the farmer said, "They're trapped on the hillsides cut off by the snow." "What can we do to help?" Toby chuffed. "I need a vet as quickly as possible." "We'll stop at the next signalbox." said Toby's driver, "I'll phone the vet from there."

Toby raced to the signalbox and the driver phoned ahead to the station. The Fat Controller and the vet we're waiting for Toby as he arrived. "The farmer's lambs are stranded on the hillside." cried Toby. "We've got to rescue them."

"And so we shall."

So The Fat Controller.

"I'll send Duck right away. This is a job for an engine with a snowplough."

Toby knew Duck was the right engine for the job. He was very powerful. "Hurry," Toby called anxiously as Duck chuffed out to the station.

But so much snow had fallen. The tracks ahead were blocked. "We can't go on." Said Duck's driver grimly. "We'll have to go back."

Toby was surprised to see Duck returned to the station. "I tried my hardest." puffed duck "But the weather's getting worse." "Even Duck's snowplough can get through." said his driver. then Toby had an idea. "My old branch line runs out there, sir. Remember,"

"That's far too dangerous."

said The Fat Controller.

"It would never carry Duck's weight,"

"It might take my weight," said Toby, "And I know that line like the back of my buffers. He added, "It's our only chance to help a newborn lambs," The Fat Controller agreed but he told Toby to be very careful.

Soon a blizzard was howling Toby's driver was worried "I can do it." called Toby, "As long as these rails hold." But Toby had forgotten about the Rickety Old Bridge, "My wheels are wobbling," he cried. his driver fought for control. Toby struggled on. "I've got to reach the other side of this bridge." gasped Toby. "Those lambs need me."

The farmer was waiting. It was very cold. Suddenly, a ghostly glowing eye shine through the snow storm. It was Toby's headlamp. "You made it," cried the farmer, "What a brave engine you are." The vet and the farmer went to find the lambs.

But they soon returned. "The newborn lambs are saved and sound Toby." said the vet "But we need a place now to keep the little ones warm." Toby smiled. "I think you'll find Henrietta has plenty of room." Toby stayed for several days just to make sure the lambs were all right. The farmer was very grateful. "Thank you, Toby." He said, "We couldn't have done it without you. "No, thank you," said Toby. "There's nothing I like better than helping out a friend in need."

Thomas, Percy and the Squeak

The engines on the Island of Sodor love the summer. The Fat Controller arranges lots of concerts. Music can often be heard drifting through the air. The engines do enjoy it.

One morning, the engines were very excited. Allicia Botti, the famous singer, was coming to the Island of Sodor. "She's a coloratura." Said Gordon importantly. "What's a coloratura?" asked Thomas. "It means she can sing high notes very, very loud."

"The Fat Controller will choose me to collect her."

Boasted James.

"I'm the brightest and the shiniest!"

"Nonsense! I'm the most important!" Huffed Gordon. Thomas wanted to feel important too. "He might choose me!" He said hopefully. "Well one thing's for sure!" Said Gordon. "He won't choose Dirty Percy!" "Don't call me Dirty Percy!" He chuffed crossly, and he wheeshed away. But the next day, the Fat Controller didn't choose Gordon, and he didn't choose James. He chose Thomas!

"Make sure Annie and Clarabel are squeaky clean!"

He said. "Yes sir!" said Thomas proudly. He felt very important indeed. "Move aside, Dirty Percy!" Chuffed Thomas. "I'm the important engine today!" "But I need a washdown!" Wailed Percy. "My passengers will laugh at me!" "But I have to be squeaky clean!" Huffed Thomas. "So you'll just have to wait!" "I can't wait!" grumped Percy. "I'm a guaranteed connection!" And he chuffed away. Soon, Thomas was shiny and squeaky clean. He felt more important than ever. But as the workers coupled Annie and Clarabel, they heard a strange noise. "What's that?" Asked Thomas anxiously. His driver quickly oiled Annie and Clarabel's undercarriage. "That should take care of the bothersome squeak." He said. On the way to the docks, Thomas heard the squeak again. He was worried. It didn't sound like his squeaky clean squeak. Thomas squeaked noisily into the quayside where Allicia Botti was waiting.

The Fat Controller held Clarabel's door open, when... Allicia Botti screamed!

And she screamed, and she screamed, and she screamed! She screamed so loud and so long the windows broke all over town! "Definitely a coloratura..." Said Gordon. Allicia Botti was cross. "I can't possibly travel in a coach that's riddled with mice!"

The Fat Controller was very embarrassed, and Thomas didn't feel important at all. Just then, Percy returned from his guaranteed connection.

"Look at the little green engine!"

Allicia Botti exclaimed.

"So sweet and dirty, like a proper steam engine!"

"Peasant..." Gordon huffed snootily. "Yes, I AM pleasant!" Smiled Percy. He was glad somebody noticed. Allicia Botti boarded the train, and Percy steamed away. He felt very proud. Later, Thomas saw Percy at the washdown. "I'm sorry I called you dirty, Percy..." Said Thomas. "You go first." "Thanks, Thomas! It feels good to be friends!" Said Percy. "But where is your mouse?" "You'll see..." Grinned Thomas. That night was Allicia Botti's concert. Her voice carried across half of the island. The Fat Controller had made the little mouse her very own home in the corner of Tidmouth Sheds, and Thomas named her Allicia.

Thomas The Jet Engine

Gordon is a very proud steam engine. He's the fastest engine on the Island of Sodor. He loves speeding along this line with the wind blowing across his funnel. "You've broken the record again," said his driver. "I'm the fastest." boasted Gordon. But not all the engines were impressed.

"Speed isn't everything,"

said James smugly. "But being reliable and useful is," said Thomas. "You slow engines will never understand," snorted Gordon, "Because you'll never go as fast as me." The Fat Controller arrived with news of a special for Thomas. "I want you to collect a jet engine and take it to the airfield." "What's a jet engine?" asked Percy. "A jet engine goes forward by pushing hot air out of it's back." The Fat Controller said. "Just like when you blow up a balloon and let it go." added Thomas, "It's very fast." Thomas likes making special deliveries for The Fat Controller. It makes him feel special. But secretly, he wished he could go as fast as Gordon, just once.

Thomas arrived at the docks excited to see the jet engine. It was shiny and modern, and Thomas had never seen anything like it. He just couldn't wait to start his journey, but Cranky was taking his time. "Hurry up." Thomas. "This is a special special."

Cranky did not like being told what to do, especially by an engine. He became so cranky that he was careless with his hook, his hook, not the switch and the switch started the jet engine, and the engine began to wind. The wind got louder and louder and louder. "Uh-oh," said Cranky. Before he could say anything else the jet engine was rocketing Thomas up the truck.

"OOOOHHH!!!" said Thomas.

The driver tried to put on the brakes. But Thomas couldn't stop.

"OOHHH BBOOYYY!!!"

The stationmaster called ahead. "Clear the lines, it's a runaway train." Signals were changed and points were switched. Thomas had never been so excited. Thomas flew by James, and rocketed past Henry, and raced by Percy. They were amazed. Bertie was excited when he saw Thomas flying down the track. "Want a race Thomas," beeped Bertie. "Nevermind," No one had ever seen an engine go so fast. Gordon have no idea that Thomas was racing along the main line.

"I am the fastest," said Gordon "Hi Gordon, Bye Gordon!" Gordon could not believe what he had seen.

At last the jet engine ran out of fuel and Thomas was back under his own power.

He steamed gently back into Knapford Station. "Sorry for overtaking you back there Gordon," "Overtake me I didn't notice." Gordon huffed. "You didn't notice the fastest engine on the island." said Henry. "Yes I am the fastest." puffed Thomas, Percy felt a little sorry for Gordon. "Gordon doesn't have to go as fast as a jet engine. He's a steam engine,"

"But he still full of hot air."

whistled James, and Gordon weeshed away.

Edward the Very Useful Engine

The engines on the Island of Sodor are good at different things. Gordon is a very good express. Percy is good at carrying the mail. And when Edward is not hauling trucks, he's very good at being a back engine. When engines have heavy loads, Edward buffers up behind and helps push, but Edward is old. Some engines think this makes him unreliable. "Edward is a useless old steampot!" Gordon sniffed. "He should be retired!" "But he doesn't have tyres!" Percy said. "Retired," said Thomas, "means taken out of service." "And not a moment too soon!" said Gordon, and the other big engines agreed with him. But Percy was very upset. Later, his driver asked him why he looks so glum, Percy told him about Edward. "The big engines don't think he's useful anymore!" He said. Percy's driver saw The Fat Controller and told him what Percy had said.

"I will attend to the matter immediately!"

The Fat Controller had a plan.

"The new loop line is completed," he said to Edward, "I want you to teach Stepney how to run it properly."

"But Sir," he asked, "who will look after the trucks?"

"Duck will do your work." The Fat Controller replied.

When the other engines heard Duck was going to help them, they were pleased. "Duck is very reliable!" said Henry. "It makes no difference to me," said Gordon pompously, "I don't need a back engine..." And he wheeshed away. Edward enjoyed working with Stepney. It was great fun delivering passengers to stations in the beautiful countryside. But Duck was not happy. The trucks were playing their silly games.

"Duck should play with other ducks 'cause he's no good at pulling trucks! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Hold back! Hold back!" They giggled.

Duck found himself going slower, and slower, and slower. Halfway up Gordon's Hill, his wheels stopped altogether. Duck was stuck. "Oh no!" Said his driver, "This is Gordon's line!" Duck's guard phoned the signalman to warn him. "It's too late to switch Gordon to the middle line!" Said the signalman, "You'll have to flag him down!" Gordon saw the guard. "If I stop on this hill, I'll never get started again!" He said crossly, and he buffered up to Duck. Gordon tried to set off again, but his wheels spun and spun. "It's no use. We need a back engine..." said the driver. "I'll send for Edward!" Gordon was cross. Edward was excited. He was going to be the back engine for two trains! Edward cheerfully buffered up, and the strange train set off. They chuffed gently into the station. "Look at that!" Laughed a boy, "The back engine must be the strongest and the best!" Gordon was embarrassed. The Fat Controller spoke severely to Gordon.

"You have said rude things about Edward!" The Fat Controller said. "He proved today that he is useful, reliable and very helpful!"

Gordon felt very ashamed. The next morning, Gordon apologised. "Thank you for helping me Edward..." Puffed Gordon. "You really are a useful engine." "It's good to be back!" Edward chuffed happily. The Fat Controller's plan had worked. There was no more talk about Edward retiring...

Dunkin Duncan

Rusty, Rheneas and Skarloey chuffed cheerfully through the Sodor countryside. The engines were going to help Duncan with an important job at the incline railway. The engines enjoy working at the incline railway. They like the clever way the loaded trucks roll down the incline, pulling the empty trucks up. But they are always careful. Duncan doesn't like working at the incline railway. He is always impatient to get back to the junction. This makes him careless and gets him into lots of trouble. Rusty hoped Duncan would stay out of trouble today, but he was already in too much of a hurry.

"I'm a plain speaking engine," gruffed Duncan, "so collect your trucks and be quick about it!" And off he steamed. "Bossy boots!" chuffed Rheneas. "Pushy puffer!" huffed Skarloey. They didn't like Duncan telling them what to do. "He just wants to get back to the bustle of the junction." Rusty said. Duncan wanted everyone to work faster.

"You're supposed to be helping me," he grumbled, "but you're as slow as snails!"

"We are proper engines!" Rusty huffed crossly. "We follow the rules!" "We can't send up more than four trucks at a time!" Chuffed Rheneas.

"Then work faster!" Said Duncan impatiently.

Later that day, Duncan was working the incline.

"I'll show you how fast a really useful engine can work!"

Duncan called, as he hastily biffed one truck into another. And then another. Soon Duncan had his four trucks.

"Nothing to it!" He boasted to Rusty.

"Those trucks will pay you back!" Warned Rusty. "Trucks don't like to be biffed!"

"I can handle trucks!" He cried.

The three little engines could see Duncan was not going to listen. They carefully trundled away from the incline with their trucks full of slate. Duncan was so impatient he became even more careless.

"I'll show that smelly diesel and those lazy steamers!" He said to his driver.

"Careful!" Cautioned his driver. "You're asking for trouble!" And he got it. Duncan didn't notice his chain was tangled in the coupling of the truck in front of him. Suddenly, he was being pulled up the track by the empty trucks.

"Bouncing buffers!" He cried. "It's got me!"

Duncan's driver jumped clear. Rusty returned to see Duncan being pulled up the incline. "I tried to warn him!" Said Rusty. "He never listens..." The little diesel's driver said. The chain pulling Duncan's trucks couldn't hold the weight. It suddenly snapped.

"Help!" He yelled. "Glug! Glug! Glug!" He said. "Blugl- my boiler!"

Duncan felt foolish and very wet. When the Fat Controller arrived, he spoke severely to Duncan. "You have not been a responsible engine!" He said. "Your impatience has caused confusion and delay, and you owe these engines an apology!"

"Sorry!"

Duncan said to Rusty, Rheneas and Skarloey.

"Once you have been repaired," the Fat Controller said, "you will work the incline until you learn to be patient and careful!"

"Yes, sir..." said Duncan.

Rusty Saves the Day

Rusty is a little diesel engine who works at the quarry on the Island of Sodor. Rusty's best friends are Rheneas and Skarloey. Rusty helps keep the line clear. Sometimes Rusty works so hard clearing their line that the little diesel forgets there's also work to be done at the quarry. One day, Rusty returned late to the quarry. The Fat Controller was cross "Sorry sir." Rusty's driver said, "We were helping Rheneas and Skarloey.

"I know you like helping Rheneas and Skarloey but their line is in a bad condition. It takes too much of your time,"

said The Fat Controller.

"I am going to shut it down."

Rusty was upset. "But what will Rheneas and Skarloey do?" Rusty asked.

"They will come and work with you here at the quarry."

He had made his mind there was nothing Rusty could do. Their line was closed down. Rheneas and Skarloey came to work at the quarry. They worked as hard as they could, but they missed the forests and hills. Most of all, they missed the passengers. Rusty could see they were not happy.

The Fat Controller came to the quarry with the important news,

"We are going to be blasted for the next two weeks."

He said,

"It won't be safe for you here, I will have to find you other work,

"Please sir." Rusty said. "May we use the two weeks to repair Rheneas and Skarloey's line, then they can go back to their old jobs." "There are plenty of line workers available." Rusty's driver added, The Fat Controller agreed,

"But you have only two weeks to complete the job."

He said sternly.

Rheneas and Skarloey's line was covered in rocks and branches. The tracks were broken in several places. Elizabeth the Quarry Lorry thought cleaning up the line was ridiculous. "What a waste of time." she sniffed, Skarloey was upset. "She's right." He said, "We'll never get it done in two weeks." "We can't give up," said Rusty. The engines worked harder than ever, but time was running out. The next day, Rusty had a very clever idea. "If only we had a lorry to help us," Rusty sighed. Elizabeth stopped, "Well I couldn't possibly help you. I'm a Quarry Lorry." "Well, we do need a special kind of Lorry." Rusty teased. "I am a special kind of Lorry." protested Elizabeth, "It requires hauling," said Rusty, "I can haul," said Elizabeth proudly. "And pulling heavy branches." added Rusty. "Well, of course I can pull." "So you'll do it," said Rusty. "Well, of course."

Elizabeth was as good as her word. She hauled rubbish and pulled branches from the line. She helped remove a fallen sycamore tree from the capital creep. "Thank you, Elizabeth," said Rusty. "We couldn't have done it without you." "I know," said Elizabeth proudly. The Fat Controller inspected the line. He was very impressed.

"Well done Rusty," he said, "and well done Elizabeth, we will open this line immediately."

Rusty was proud. Rheneas and Skarloey were very happy.

"Maybe now Rusty will have time to work at the quarry"

said The Fat Controller, and Rusty just smiled.

Faulty Whistles

It was early morning on the Island of Sodor. Duncan was waiting for Peter Sam, who was bringing some trucks for him to take to Strawberry Grove. Duncan was also to take the headmaster and a new organ. While they waited, the headmaster played a lively tune. Peter Sam had steamed all through the night to bring Duncan his wagons. But as he approached the junction, a low-hanging branch knocked his whistle off. This meant he couldn't work until he got a new one. "I can't run on the tracks without my whistle!" Chuffed Peter Sam. "That would be too dangerous!"

"An engine's not an engine without a whistle!"

Boasted Duncan. And just to prove it, he let off a big blast. But the rest of the engines just ignored them. Duncan chuffed away in a big huff. He was cross.

"They're jealous of my fine whistle!"

Duncan huffed as he steamed through the countryside. He whistled at some sheep, but they were too busy eating grass to take notice.

"Bah!"

Said Duncan.

"I need to whistle louder and longer next time..."

Soon Duncan approached a level crossing, where Elizabeth the Quarry Lorry waited with a farmer's prize bull. This time, Duncan whistled as loud and as long as he could. "MOO!" said the bull.

"Stop that nonsense, Duncan..."

Elizabeth called. But Duncan carried on cheerfully down the track. But he hadn't noticed his whistle had come loose. Then Duncan saw Terence ploughing a field.

"He'll get the loudest and longest whistle yet!"

He chortled to himself. And he blew so hard, his whistle shot off like a mighty rocket, and landed out of sight. Everyone searched for Duncan's whistle, but it was nowhere to be seen. "We're stuck!" Said his driver. "We can't move without a whistle, it would be too dangerous..." "Leave it to me!" the headmaster said. For the rest of the day, Duncan didn't make a sound, but the headmaster's organ did. As Duncan delivered his trucks, the headmaster tooted the organ at every crossing and every stop. It alerted everyone just as well as a whistle would, although Duncan didn't think so.

Finally, Duncan finished delivering the last of his trucks.

"Duncan steamed quietly back to the junction as the headmaster played the organ. "Look! Rusty teased. "It's Duncan the Musical Engine!" "Let's whistle along!" Said Rheneas. "Toot toot!" Said Skarloey. But Peter Sam, who had a shiny new whistle, felt sorry for Duncan. "You really did well to deliver your goods without a whistle!" He said.

"D'you think so?"

Said Duncan, cheering up a bit. "Absolutely!" Said Peter Sam. "Even though an engine's not an engine without a whistle!" "Or an organ!" Chuckled the headmaster, and he tooted the organ. And all the engines tooted back, except Duncan, who just grinned.

